



ALPHONSINE D'ARGENNES ;

OR,

THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

IT was seven o'clock in the evening when a post-chaise arrived at the gate of the Abbey of Reigny, containing a middle aged woman, and a little girl about six years old. The former requested to speak with the Abbess ; and on being introduced into her presence said, that she had been desired to request her attention to the education of her young companion, who was the daughter of a Monsieur d'Argennes, a gentleman of Dauphine. She at the same time delivered into the hands of the Abbess, a sum of money, for the payment of the child's board, and all the necessaries she might require. She afterwards added, in a low voice, that the child might not hear, "Mademoiselle d'Argennes' parents are very desirous that she should be inspired with a taste for a religious life, as the necessity they are under of supporting her brother, who is in the army, deprives them of the means or hope of establishing her suitably in the world ; accordingly

they had determined almost immediately after her birth, to send her to Madame de Rohan, (the name of the Abbess) while yet an infant."

This lady received the charge confided to her, not without much pain to behold a young female sacrificed to the ambition of those who had given her birth ; their cruel injustice rendered the little Alphonsine infinitely interesting and dear to her, from the first day of her arrival.

Mademoiselle de Fienne, daughter to the Duke of St. Al——, and two years older than Alphonsine, was educated in the same house, but in a very different style. Mademoiselle de Fienne's family was illustrious, she was assured of holding a distinguished rank at Court, but her companion had no other prospect than that of remaining in her present abode, or leaving it for another of the same nature.

Their first years were passed in the customary occupations of their age. The habit of being almost always together seemed to unite them in friendship. Mademoiselle de Fienne, whilst enjoying

the superiority which her rank gave her above her companion, appeared however to have some affection for her; that jealousy excited by beauty, which so often disunites young people, did not trouble them. Alphonsine's extreme youth seemed as yet to excite a doubt whether she would be handsome. Sensible and grateful, she repaid by a sincere attachment the marks of friendship she received; she felt their value the more, as she never before experienced the delight of having a companion of her own age, as before her arrival at the Abbey, she had been left entirely to the care of servants. It may easily be conceived the grief Alphonsine felt when the period arrived for Mademoiselle de Fienne to leave the convent, and return to her parents. Many tears were shed on both sides; they tenderly embraced, and vowed to each other an eternal friendship. The latter endeavoured to console her friend, by offering her the hope of meeting again in the great world; but this only increased Alphonsine's affliction, as she began to discover that seclusion was to be her fate.

Two years had elapsed since this separation, when the Duchess of St. Al——, and her daughter, on their return from a journey they had made in Auvergne, determined to spend a few days on an estate that belonged to them at a short distance from Reims. Their vicinity to the Abbey excit-

ed in Mademoiselle de Fienne a wish to see her friend; she accordingly repaired to the convent. The person of the latter had so much improved since their separation, that Mademoiselle de Fienne was much astonished at beholding her, and found her infinitely too handsome to love her any longer; she however did not allow her former companion to perceive that her affections had undergone any alteration. She gave her a long account of all that had happened to her since their separation, much less out of confidence than through the ill-natured pleasure of displaying before her, a happiness of which she could never partake. The article of lovers was not forgotten; this theme gratified her vanity, and consoled her for the beauty of Alphonsine. Of all those she mentioned, M. de Morsaing was the one she praised the most, and she finished by owning that she was greatly prejudiced in his favour. "But why," added she, "should I talk to you of these things? your fate will prevent you ever becoming acquainted with them, and I really pity you for being handsome. Farewell, my dear friend, amuse yourself in your retreat with those little minutiae reserved for the cloister; you will always enjoy a calm serenity, you will never experience the hopes, the fears, and the torments of love. While I reflect on these, I feel inclined to envy your solitude; but born with great expectations, compelled to hold

an exalted rank in society, to spend my days in the midst of grandeur; I am obliged to yield myself to the whirlwind by which I am enveloped, at the risk of perhaps spending my days with much less peace and happiness than you." After this interview Mademoiselle de Fienne soon returned to Paris, leaving Alphonsine in a very melancholy state of mind.

Shortly after this, the time arrived when our fair heroine was to prepare herself to commence her noviciate. As this period approached, her repugnance to a secluded life seemed to increase. Since her arrival at the Abbey of Reigny, no marks of affection, or even of remembrance, had arrived from her parents, to mitigate the grief she felt at being so cruelly forgotten by those to whom nature ought to have rendered her infinitely dear. The woman who had accompanied her to the convent was the only person by whom she could trace out her relatives; she came to see her regularly once a year, to pay for her board, and to deceive her, by displaying before her a false picture of the many advantages she would enjoy by becoming a nun. Convinced, after mature reflexion, of the necessity she was under of yielding to her destiny, and reproaching herself for her weakness and want of resignation, she, after a severe struggle with her feelings, resolved to repair to the Abbess, by whom she was tenderly beloved, and to

fix the day on which she would commence the pious exercises previous to her entering her noviciate.

On hearing her request, Madame de Rohan said, "The affection I bear towards you, my dear child, would make me very happy that you should remain in this house, but have you consulted well your inclinations? Before I subscribe to the desire your parents have that you should take the veil, my tenderness for you demands that I should enlighten you respecting the consequences of so serious an engagement, which will bind you for your whole life. Ever since you have been with us, I have carefully sought to discover your inclinations and your tastes; I think I have read your thoughts, and I waited for this moment, to come to an explanation with you. All conspires to assure me that you are not intended for a cloister, that your sentiments are inimical to that mode of life, and I will not be accessory to the sacrifice of your liberty. Open your heart then to me, my beloved Alphonsine, with the frankness my affection for you merits."—"I will not conceal from you," sorrowfully answered Alphonsine, "that my wishes do not agree with the state I am compelled to embrace; but I have sufficient sense and firmness to consent with resignation to what you know, my dear madam, to be inevitable."—"Alas, my child!" interrupted the Abbess,

"you know not the weight of these shackles, when it is our good sense alone that assists us in bearing them. There is no haste, we will wait a little longer."

About this period a sister of Madame de Rohan, who had lost her husband, came to pass her widowhood at the Abbey. This lady, who was called Madame St. Clare, was struck with the appearance and manners of our heroine, and on learning her particular situation, was much interested for her. Madame St. Clare had no children, and the death of her husband without a will, had been the cause of some law discussions with his relations, which called her to Paris just at that period when the king's marriage drew thither all the nobility and people of rank.

This circumstance, joined to the desire the sisters had of ushering their young favourite into the world, determined Madame St. Clare to press the Abbess to confide Alphonsine to her care for a few weeks. The Abbess consented, and in a few days they set out for the capital.

At the first stage they were met by the Count de Puymarais, who had been obliged to stop on account of the breaking down of his carriage. He was acquainted with Madame St. Clare, and learning that she proposed passing the night in the same inn, sent to request she would allow him to wait upon

her; she readily consented; and after the first enquiries were over, he gave her an account of the accident that had detained him, and complained very bitterly of the *ennui* he should experience, as his servants informed him that his carriage could not be repaired in less than three days. Madame St. Clare immediately offered him a seat in hers, which he accepted with much pleasure, and the next morning they set out together.

The loveliness of Mademoiselle d'Argennes, rendered more attractive by the simplicity of her travelling dress, forcibly struck the Count, and his eyes were incessantly fixed on her. Alphonsine, who since her infancy had never before left the walls of her convent, spoke but little, but that little was prettily expressed, the sound of her voice, her innocence, and her modest looks, rendered her so enchanting, that the Count's heart was not proof against so many charms. He every hour became more attentive to her, but all his assiduities could not make Alphonsine perceive the impression she had produced upon him; the language of love was unknown to her, and her heart did not plead in his favour.

Madame St. Clare, who was bent on her project, was more attentive to all that passed; and whether there was any truth in her conjecture, or she was deceived by hope, she fancied Puymarais

attentions would lead to the establishment of her young friend. On their arrival at Paris, the Count thanked her kindly for the most delightful journey he had ever performed, and requested to be allowed to visit them, which permission was readily granted. Madame St. Clare could no longer conceal from her young charge the presentiments she entertained respecting the conduct of their travelling companion; she said that he had displayed too much love and respect to doubt for a moment his intentions. "I saw nothing more in his behaviour," replied Alphonsine, "than politeness, and I think your kindness for me deceives you; but I ought not the less to answer you with sincerity: you are acquainted with my dislike to a cloister, but I should have a much greater, to unite myself with a man so much my superior in rank. The Count de Puymarais belongs to a noble and ancient family; he is in the possession of a large fortune; what have I to balance with such riches and honours? It appears to me that there should be more equality in the marriage state to render it happy, and I should not like my fate to depend on a passing illusion, which soon might vanish, and leave me nothing but regret."

Madame St. Clare, without blaming the delicacy of her young friend's sentiments however advised her not to reject the addresses

of the Count. "I have seen," added she, "many marriages as unequal in point of fortune; but when on one side there exists a well cultivated mind, added to personal charms, these inequalities often disappear in the opinion of a man of sense."

Mademoiselle d'Argennes esteemed the Count, and as she had never experienced a warmer sentiment, she treated him with her usual affability, which he interpreted in his favour, and which raised hopes in his breast.

The time now approached when the festivals for the king's marriage were about to commence, and Madame St. Clare resolved that Alphonsine should accompany her to them all. At length the day appointed for the tournament at the *Palais Royals* arrived, at which all the youth and beauty of the court were assembled. The two friends were there, accompanied by Madame de Ligny, a relation of the widow's, and took their seats in the places allotted for the ladies. Each mother had decorated her daughter with every ornament that could heighten her beauty. Mademoiselle d'Argennes, dressed with great simplicity, had no other jewels than her native charms, which rendered her appearance more interesting, and many of the spectators forgot the jousts to gaze on her.

The Chevalier de Fontange, son to the Prince d'Aumale, who was

the handsomest man at Court, and the most admired by the fair sex, by chance stopped near the amphitheatre, where the ladies sat; his eyes caught our heroine, and astonished at beholding so lovely an unknown face, he walked backwards and forwards for some time, in order more attentively to examine her features.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHICAL.

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LADY ELEANOR BUTLER, AND MISS PONSONBY:

The fair Recluses of Llangollen.

MODERN history affords few instances of friendship so ardent and disinterested as that displayed by the two amiable recluses of Llangollen. The following account of them, which is the best we have seen, is taken from the entertaining miscellany lately published by Madame de Genlis, under the title of *Souvenirs de Felicie L*—.

"During my residence in England (says she) nothing struck me so much as the delicious cottage of Llangollen, in North Wales. It is not a little extraordinary that a circumstance so singular and remarkable as that connected with this retreat, should hitherto have escaped the notice of all modern travellers. The

manner in which I became acquainted with it was this:—During our long stay at Bury, a small company of five or six persons, including ourselves, met every evening from seven till half past ten o'clock. We diverted ourselves with music and conversation, so that the time passed very agreeably. One night friendship happened to be the subject of conversation, and I declared that I would with pleasure undertake a long journey to see two persons who had long been united by the bonds of genuine friendship. "Well, Madam," replied Mr. Stuart, (now Lord Castlereagh) go to Llangollen; you will there see a model of perfect friendship, which will afford you the more delight as it is exhibited by two females, who are yet young and charming in every respect. Would you like to hear the history of Lady Eleanor Butler, and Miss Ponsonby?" "It would give me the greatest pleasure."—"I will relate it to you." At these words the company drew nearer to Mr. Stuart, we formed a little circle round him, and after recollecting himself a few moments, he thus began his narrative:—

"Lady Eleanor Butler, now (in 1792) thirty years of age, was born in Dublin. She was left an orphan while in her cradle; and possessing an ample fortune, together with an amiable disposition and a beautiful person, her hand was solicited by persons be-

longing to the first families in Ireland. At an early age she manifested great repugnance to the idea of giving herself a master. This love of independence, which she never dissembled, did no injury to her reputation; her conduct has always been irreproachable, and no female is more highly distinguished for sweetness of temper, modesty, and all the virtues which adorn her sex. In tender infancy a mutual attachment took place between her and Miss Ponsonby; by an accident which made a deep impression on their imagination, they were born in Dublin in the same year, and on the same day, and both became orphans at the same time. They had no difficulty to persuade themselves that heaven had formed them for each other; that is, that it had designed each of them to devote her existence to the other, so that they might glide together down the stream of life, in the bosom of peace, the most intimate friendship, and delicious independence. This idea their sensibility was destined to realize. Their friendship gradually grew stronger with their years, so that at seventeen they mutually engaged never to sacrifice their liberty, or to part from each other. From that moment they formed the design of withdrawing from the world, and of settling for good in some sequestered retreat. Having heard of the charming scenery of Wales, they secretly absconded from their friends, for the purpose of fixing

upon their future residence. They visited Llangollen, and there, on the summit of a mountain, they found a little detached cottage, with the situation of which they were delighted. Here they resolved to form their establishment. Meanwhile the guardians of the young fugitives sent people after them, and they were conveyed back to Dublin. They declared that they would return to their mountain as soon as they were of age. Accordingly, at twenty-one, in spite of the entreaties and remonstrances of their relatives and friends, they quitted Ireland forever, and flew to Llangollen. Miss Ponsonby is not rich, but Lady Eleanor possesses a considerable fortune. She purchased the little hut, and the property of the mountain, where she built a cottage, very simple in external appearance, but the interior of which displays the greatest elegance. On the top of the mountain she has formed about the house a court and flower-garden; a hedge of rose-bushes is the only enclosure that surrounds this rural habitation. A convenient carriage road, the steepness of which has been diminished by art, was carried along the mountain. On the side of the latter, some ancient pines of prodigious height were preserved; fruit trees were planted, and a great quantity of cherry trees in particular, which produce the best and finest cherries in England. The two friends likewise possess a farm for their cattle, with a

pretty farm-house, and a kitchen-garden at the foot of the mountain. In this sequestered abode these two extraordinary persons, with minds equally cultivated, and accomplishments equally pleasing, have now resided ten years, without ever having been absent from it a single night. Nevertheless they are not unsociable, they sometimes pay visits to the neighbouring gentry, and receive with the greatest politeness travellers on their way to or from Ireland, who are recommended to them by any of their old friends."

This account strongly excited my curiosity, and produced the same effect on Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and my two young companions. We determined the same night to set out immediately for Llangollen, by the circuitous rout of Brighton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. It was the latter end of July when we arrived at Llangollen. This place has not the rich appearance of the English villages in general, but nothing can equal the cleanliness of the houses, and among the lower classes of any country, this is an infallible proof of abundance. Llangollen, surrounded with woods and meadows, clothed with the freshest verdure, is situated at the foot of the mountain belonging to the two friends, which there forms a majestic pyramid, covered with trees and flowers. We arrived at the cottage, the only object of our journey, an hour before sunset.

The two friends had received in the morning by a messenger, the letter which Mr. Stuart had given me for them. We were received with a grace, a cordiality, and kindness, of which it would be impossible for me to give any idea. I could not turn my eyes from those two ladies, rendered so interesting by their friendship, and so extraordinary on account of their way of life. I perceived in them none of that vanity which takes delight in the surprize of others. Their mutual attachment, and their whole conduct evince such simplicity, that astonishment soon gives way to softer emotions; all they do and say, breathes the utmost frankness and sincerity. One circumstance which I cannot help remarking, is, that after living so many years in this sequestered retreat, they speak French with equal fluency and purity. I was likewise much struck with the little resemblance there is between them. Lady Eleanor has a charming face, embellished with the glow of health; her whole appearance and manner announce vivacity and the most unaffected gaiety. Miss Ponsonby has a fine countenance, but pale and melancholy. One seems to have been born in this solitude, so perfectly is she at her ease in it; for her easy carriage shews that she has not retained the slightest recollection of the world and its vain pleasures. The other, silent and pensive, has too much candour and innocence for you to suppose that repentance

has conducted her into solitude, but you would suppose that she still cherishes some painful regrets. Both have the most engaging politeness, and highly cultivated minds. An excellent library, composed of the best English, French, and Italian authors, affords them an inexhaustible source of diversified amusement, and solid occupation ; for reading is not truly profitable except when a person has time to read again.

[*To be continued.*]

THE LADIES' TOILETTE ;

OR,

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF BEAUTY.

Of the Beauty of the Skin.

(*Concluded*)

In my opinion the frequent use of martials would be found highly efficacious in producing a fine complexion ; but this I give merely as a conjecture. I have not yet made any experiment on the subject, but I intend to do so on some female of a brown complexion, who may happen to be tired of her colour. Let us now proceed to the methods that have been long known, practised, and recommended.

The infusion of hyssop has been highly extolled, and it is likewise said that onions, when eaten, give very beautiful tints to the complexion. Le Camus recommends

an hepatic salt, which he says is highly efficacious either for preserving a fine complexion, or acquiring beautiful colours. Its composition is as follows :

“ Take roots of agrimony, two pounds ; roots of chicory and scorvenera, of each one pound ; bitter costus, eryngium, Indian saffron, of each half a pound ; calamus aromaticus, rapontic, southernwood, hemp-agrimony, scolopendra, veronica, common hepatica, fumitory, cuscuta, of each three ounces. Calcine the whole in a reverberatory furnace ; then add ashes of rhubarb and of cassia lignea, of each an ounce and a half ; lixiviate the whole with a decoction of the flowers of hepatica, and extract the salt by the usual process. This salt causes the bile to flow away, cures the jaundice, and gives the skin a pleasing carnation tint. The proper dose of this salt is from twenty-four to thirty-six grains in any suitable vehicle.”

With respect to the means that counteract with success the external causes destructive of the beauty of the skin, they form a numerous class, composed of the cosmetics, properly so called. In the next chapter we shall give the most efficacious of these. At present I shall add but a few words on a method advised by some persons. It is said that nothing tends to whiten the skin so much as walking abroad in the cool of the evening, especially near water.

This may be possible ; but is not the humidity of evening productive of ill consequences, which would make those pay very dear who would purchase a fine skin at that rate, especially since it is an advantage that may be procured in so many other ways ? For my part I think the practice dangerous in our climate, and with the light costume of our ladies. All the physicians will not be of my opinion ; we have doctors who enter into accommodations with the ladies as the Tartuffe did with heaven, but those who possess any integrity will give me their support. This reminds me of a discussion which took place on this subject, when the ladies began to frequent in the evening the *Pont des Arts* at Paris. A physician inserted in the *Journal de Paris*, some observations on the insalubrity of the practice of walking in the evening immediately over the bed of the river. In the present age, as in that of La Fontaine, we have physicians *tant-pis*, as well as physicians *tant-mieux*. These gentlemen never did, and never will agree ; discord is the essence, I will not say of their art, but of their profession. Now the physician of whom I am speaking, was the physician *tant-pis*. He would have alarmed the fair sex if any thing can alarm them, when intent on the gratification of any new whim. A few days afterwards, however, a more complaisant doctor, the physician *tant mieux*, undertook to pacify the fears of our handsome women.

He therefore inserted in the same Journal a letter, proving the salubrity of walking in the evening on the *Pont des Arts*. And which of them was in the right ? Neither the one nor the other ; they were both wrong. You may perhaps ask, how can that be possible ? Nothing is more easily explained ; the ladies continued to frequent the promenade in spite of the denunciations of the physician *tant-pis*, and caught cold, notwithstanding the assurances of the physician *tant-mieux*. Our two doctors therefore, were both wrong ; such is the difficulty of hitting the mark with respect to women.

Let us, however, decide this question which is so important to the health of the ladies. I shall then assert with the physicians who enjoy the most deserved reputation, that the cool of the evening air checks perspiration, and is liable to produce various diseases, and that this effect is inevitable, if you sit still exposed to the evening air, according to the practice of our ladies on the *Pont des Arts*. The cool of the evening is still more injurious to convalescents, as it may occasion relapses. Women, on going abroad after the periods of their accouchment, would do well not to expose themselves to it, if they are desirous of avoiding many painful disorders which are frequently the consequence of this imprudence, such as obstruction of the milk, and various others. Such are some of the ill effects of

the evening air, notwithstanding all that may be advanced by the doctors *tant-mieux*.

STATISTICAL NOTICES.

The number of inhabitants of a country is almost renewed every thirty years, and in an age the human race is renewed three and one third times.

If you allow three generations for an age; and supposing that the world was only 5,700 years old, there would be 171 generations since the creation of the world to our time,—124 since the deluge, and 53 since the Christian era; and since there is not a house which can prove its origin even the length of Charlemagne, it follows that the most ancient families are not able to trace their origin farther back than 30 generations; there are even very few who can trace so far without diving into fiction. But what signifies a thousand years of illustration to 4,800 of obscurity.

Out of 1000 infants who are nursed by the mother about 300 die; of the same number committed to the charge of strange nurses, 500 perish.

Among 115 deaths there may be reckoned one woman in child bed but only one out of 400 dies in labour.

The Small pox, in the natural way usually carries off 3 out of 100.

By inoculation, one dies nearly out of 300.

By the vaccine inoculation, NOT ONE.

It is observed that more girls than boys die of the Small Pox in the natural way.

From calculations founded on the bills of mortality, there is only 1 out of 3126 who reaches the age of 100.

More people live to a great age in elevated situations than in those that are lower.

The probability is that a new born child will live to the age of 34 years and 6 months.

The proportions of the deaths of women to those of men is 100 to 108; The probable duration of a woman's life is 60 years.

Married women live longer than those who are not married.

By observations made during the space of 50 years, it has been found that the greatest number of deaths has been in the month of March, and next to that, the months of August and September, in November, December, and February there are the fewest deaths.

Of 1000 deaths—249 take place in winter, 289 in Spring, 225 in Summer, and 237 in Autumn.

The half of all that are born, die before they reach the age of 17.

The first month, and especially the first day after birth, are marked by the greatest number of deaths; 3735 infants who die young, 1192 die on the first day, and the remainder during the first month.

The married woman are to all the females of a country as 1 to 3 and the married men to all the males as 3 to 5.

The number of twins is to that of the whole number of single births as 1 to 65.

The number of marriages is to that of the inhabitants of a country as 175 to 1000.

In country places there is on an average, 4 children bore of each marriage; in cities it cannot be reckoned above 3 and a half.

The number of widows is to that of widowers as 3 to 4, but that of widows who re-marry to that of widowers as 4 to 5.

The number of widows is to that of the whole inhabitants as 1 to 51, that of widowers as 1 to 15.

One fourth of the inhabitants of a country live commonly in cities, and 8 fourths in villages.

Of 1000 living men ought yearly to be allowed 28 deaths.

It is impossible to do good and not to be virtuous; for some may be great in his actions and little in his heart.

ANECDOTE.

STEPHEN Kemble, of enormous rotundity of paunch, happening to pass through Newport Market, the butchers set up their usual cry of "What d'ye buy? What d'ye buy?" Stephen parried this for some time, by saying, he did not want any thing. At last, a butcher starts from his stall, and eyeing Stephen's figure from top to bottom, which certainly would not lead one to think he fed on air, exclaimed, "Well, sir, though you do not now want any thing, only say you buy your meat of me, and you will make my fortune."

That person has a bad heart who is more delighted with the *blemishes* than with the *beauties* of other people's characters.

A very singular circumstance occurred on Friday night last to a son of Mr. Brocks Staplehurst, about nine years of age—In his sleep he went out of the garret window in which he usually slept, got to the roof of the house, about the distance of ten feet over, and down the other side near forty feet, and jumped off full six feet to the ground; he then went to a neighboring house, two fields distance, called up the people, who were much alarmed at the noise he made, told them his father's house was falling down, as the roof had fallen

in, and the horses were running out of the stables over some stubble stacks to get away; the people of the house actually got up, knowing the voice of the boy, and with the greatest agitation of mind come down to him, and found him with nothing on but his shirt—they with difficulty awaked him, being himself considerably alarmed when discovering his situation.—The boy being hence asked his feelings during his night's excursion says, he perfectly remembers when he got into his father's garden at the back of the house, he looked up and thought himself out of danger from the ruins, and saw the horses running away; he went over two hedges, and only once pricked his foot, and got no other bruises whatever—He was the next day perfectly well, and his friends have placed iron bars at the window to prevent the like in future.

Lon. *paper*

For the Lady's Miscellany.

MR. EDITOR.

Having remained in cog. as the writer of "April-fool-day," nor even mistrusted by an individual, I have been often forced to smile at the remarks which I have heard—principally from its fair readers. For my own part, I am one of the first to condemn it, and blush it should have been inserted in your interesting paper with so many imperfections. The hurry in which it was necessarily writ-

ten, is my only apology. But my dear sir, as misery loves company, I must bring you in for some share of the censure, for in your *precipitation*, the word *rash* was made *each*—you turned the whole *fun* of one verse into a pun—and for *latent beauties*, you say *latent brevities*. The sole *beauty* of the story I must confess, lies in its *brevity*, but it is now most wretchedly out of metre. But above all, you spoiled the *wit* of the last story by the terrible word "damn'd." You must know the Yankeys have a method of swearing, which comes not under the censure of moralists, or, in other words, they so evade the third commandment, that the devil can have no cognizance of the affair; it should have read, "fire and be *darn'd*," but it is too late to darn the false stitches now, and I must suffer the malignant sneers of Miss Sencure, who tho't she was a great fool for reading it—the keen *satyre* of Miss Poat, who vowed it was intolerable, *that's all*—the sarcasm of Miss Spleen, who said I was the greatest fool in the poem for writing it.

Indeed indeed; I fear the lustre of my fame will be tarnished by their acrimony—that would be a pity!! The encouragement of "Maria" can scarcely eradicate my chagrin, or kindle another spark of poetic fire, and were it not for the fair E——, I should retreat from *Mount Parnassus*, and be compelled to loiter among the hills of my nativity. CHEVIOT.

A late publication makes the number of inhabitants on this globe to be 896 millions.—Of these, 226 millions are Christians, that is, people generally denominated Christians, 10 millions of Jews, 210 millions of Mahometans, and 460 millions of Pagans. Of those professing the Christian religion there are 50 millions of Protestants, 30 millions of the Greek and Armenian Churches, and 90 millions of Catholics. If we calculate with the ancients, that a generation lasts thirty years, in that space, 895,600,000 will be born and die; consequently, 81,760 must be dropping into eternity every day; 3,407 every hour, or about 36 every minute. *London pap.*

THE air we breathe is rendered unwholesome by the absorption of putrid or inflammable vapours; the explosion of gunpowder; by oil paints; by the volatile spirit of sal ammoniac; by every kind of perfumery, or artificial scents; by the vapour of new plaistered walls; by all putrid substances, and especially by stagnant water, or by the contiguity of burial places. To purify the air, it is only necessary to dip a cloth in lime water, and suspend it near the floor, which will prevent any contamination of fixed air.

THEATRICALS was received too late for this week's Miscellany.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev Mr. Milledollar, Mr. John McMeed, of Savannah, (Georgia) to Mrs Charlotte Osborne, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Turner, merchant of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr. Thomas Van Antwerp, to Miss Gertrude Heyer, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. John Sanford, Capt. Daniel W. Crocker, to Miss Clarissa Hackstaff, daughter of Capt. Lodowick Hackstaff, all of this city.

At Elizabethtown, (N. J.) on Sunday evening last, by the rev. John C. Rudd, Mr. William Rankin, (Formerly of Albany) to Miss Abigail Ogden, of the former place.

At Shrewsbury, N. J. on Wednesday evening 21st inst. by Henry Tiebout, Esq. Capt. Hyde Parker, to Miss Ann Lippincott of the same place.

At the Friends meeting house, in this city, on Wednesday, the 21st inst. Mr. Joseph S. Coates, merchant, of Philadelphia, to Miss Sarah Robinson, daughter of Wm. T. Robinson, Esq. of New York.

On the 26th of May, Mr. Noah Totten, Printer, to Miss Maria Stone.

Long may their sheet of life be clear,
Nor monks, nor friars, nor picks, appear;

May they correct, revise with care,
A NEW EDITION every year.

DIED,

On the night of the 22nd of June, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Sarah Toot, widow of the late Mr. Robert Toot, aged 68.

.....

Our City Inspector reports the death of 75 persons, during two weeks, ending on Saturday last.



.....

COMMUNICATED.

From Goldwin's Passaic Album.

WHEN at Passaic, Nature sportive
plays,
And spreads her varied beauties to the
eye,
The awful scene the atheist surveys
In silence wrapt, and lifts his thoughts
on high.

To him who stretch'd the Heavens be-
fore his sight ;
Whose sun reflecting on the mighty
deep,
The ascending vapours tinge with glow-
ing light,
As o'er the rended rock the waters dash
the steep.

Where hurl'd against the jagged cliff
they foam,
Or boil beneath where foams the river's
bed,
Or twirl'd in eddies, or in whirlpools
roam,
As to the pebbled shore they idly
spread.

Thence gliding sweetly to their parent
main,
Through many a mead, and many a
rural copse,
They freshen in their way the fertile
plain,
And harvest yields to crown the lab'rors
hopes.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

On the banks of a river, in the vicini-
ty of Dartmouth, is a delightful grove
of pines, maple, and birch : on one of
the latter trees is to be found some
beautiful lines ingeniously carv'd with a
knife on the bark. The contiguous se-
minary probably fostered the young au-
thor ; if you deem the lines worthy pub-
licity, you are welcome to my manu-
script copy.

CHEVIOT.

WHY does my angel fly this sylvan
grove ?
Each day disguise, with studious care
her form ?
Her various dress can never veil from
love
Her air majestic, or her *cestus* charm !

Tis I obtrude—my sentence then, is
pas',
By thee I'm exil'd from these blest re-
treats,
Adieu, ye pines !—with pain I leave at
last
Your rural shades, and ancient moss-
grown seats.

And yet, Eliza, e'er I leave this bow'r,
Hear me, and grant this simple, only
plea,
And not extend thy arbitrary pow'r,
To rob me of the *miniature* of thee ;

In *lessen'd features*, I have seen *thy* face,
Glowing with pride, as conscious it
could palm,
With pleasure would I set for hours to
trace
The lovely semblance of thy ev'ry
charm.

Have then *imagin'd* I could see it *smile*,
Could hear it *lisp* my name in accents
sweet,

And as it flatter'd, hope would beam
 awhile,
 Fancy would court, as I enjoy'd the
 cheat.

Imagination ! Oh, forbear to soar ;
 On visionary pinions cease to rise,
 The fair Eliza lets me hope no more,
 Banish'd from her, I'm drove from all
 I prize.

Dear, amiable girl, tho' frowns repel,
 Still must I love, forever must adore ;
 Remembrance will delight, yet dread to
 tell,
 How happy in my love, I was before.
 C. K.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE STORM.

THE rain did fall, the wind did blow,
 The elements did rave ;
 And lightning sharp, and thunder loud,
 Burst o'er the swelling wave.

When Emma wander'd o'er the beach ;
 Nor moon, nor stars, appear'd ;
 The thought of Henry, her true love,
 Alone her bosom cheer'd.

But soon she heard a cry of " Help !
 For God's sake, help ! I die !"
 She rush'd towards the water's edge,
 Where horror met her eye.

She saw a ship to pieces dash
 Upon the rocky shore ;
 She saw her to the bottom sink,
 Midst th' element's wild roar !

" Farewell ! farewell !" the voice re-
 sum'd,

" Farewell, my Emma dear !"
 It was her Henry's voice she heard ;
 She griev'd to find him *here*.

To snatch him from a watery grave
 She strove, but all in vain :

Her lover sank, she shriek'd aloud,
 Then plung'd into the main !

Early at morn these lovers true,
 Were taken from the deep,
 And borne to *where the fathers ride*
Of the village Hamlet sleep !

H. C.

From the Evening Post.

LINES,

On seeing a beautiful Weeping Willow
 prostrated in consequence of extending
 a church yard by digging a number of
 Vaults, in Wall street.

Poor Willow ! I yesterday saw your
 condition,
 When scarcely your branches dar'd
 wave,
 " Ah weeper, thought I, you are doom'd
 to perdition."

For you stood with *one foot in the grave*,
 Whilst you stuck to the earth, you
 were graceful and green,
 And saluted each breeze with a bow,
 But a *radical change* in your manners
 was seen,

Ah ! 'twas *Vaulting* that brought you
 so low.

And whilst brother Willows around
 you were weeping,

You yielded your life with a groan,
 Scar'd all the brave birds in your
 boughs that were sleeping,

But broke nobody's limbs save your
 own.

Mid the tombs you lie low, yet it would
 not surprise,

If your branches, still fond of the air,
 Again with new vigour should verdant
 ly rise,

Before any old *trunk* that lies there.

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